

# Pro Bono Publico

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and it alternately blotted out and revealed the interesting Marathonian procession, until one capricious and suffocating flurry full of whirling newspapers and derbies completely blotted out the governor and the young lady at his heels. And when, a moment later, the miniature tornado had subsided into a series of playful sidewalk eddies, only the policemen, the hoi-polloi, and the dog were still going—the governor and the beautiful suffragette had completely disappeared. They had, it is true, chosen a very good time and place for such an occult performance—Long Acre at its busiest.

Several mounted policemen had now joined in the frantic festivities. They galloped hurriedly in every direction. The crowd cheered and pursued the police; the small dog barked in eddying circles, till he resembled an expiring pin wheel.

Meanwhile, a curious thing had occurred; the youthful governor was now chasing the suffragette. It occurred abruptly and in the following manner.

No sooner had the dust cloud spread a momentary fog around the radiant young man—like a hurricane eclipse of the sun—than he darted into the narrow and dark hallway of an old-fashioned office building devoted to theatrical agencies, all-night lawyers and "astrologists," and started up the stairs. But his unaccustomed sword tripped him up, and he fell flat with a startling outcrash of accoutrements, there came a flurry of delicately perfumed skirts, the typewritten papers were snatched from his gloved hands, and the perfumed skirts went scurrying away through the dusky corridor which ought to have opened on the next cross-street, and didn't.

After her ran the governor, now goaded to courage by the loss of his papers, and she, finding herself in a cul-de-sac, turned at bay, launched the cat at his head, and attempted to spring past him. But he caught the whirling feline in one white-gloved hand and barred her way with the other; and she turned once more, in desperation, to seek an egress which did not exist.

A flight of precipitate and rickety stairs led upward into an obscurity rendered deeper by a single gas jet burning low on the landing above.

Up this she sprang, two steps at a time, the young man at her heels; up, up, passing floor after floor, until a dirty skylight overhead warned her that the race was ending.

On the top corridor there was a door ajar; she sprang for it, opened it, tried to slam and lock it behind her; then, exhausted, she shrank backward into the room and sank into a red velvet chair, holding the bunch of papers tightly to her heaving breast.

There was another chair—a gilt one. Into it fell His Excellency, gasping, speechless, his spurred and booted legs trailing, his borrowed uniform all over confetti and dust from his tumble on the stairs.

Minute after minute elapsed as they lay there, fighting for breath, watching each other. She was the first to stir; and instantly he dragged himself to his feet, staggered over to the door, locked it, dropped the key into his pocket, returned to his chair and collapsed once more.

After a few moments he glanced down at the cat which he was still clutching. A slight shiver passed over him; then, as he inspected it more closely, over his features crept an ironical smile, for the cat was not even a ci-devant cat; it had never been a cat; it was only an imitation of a defunct one made out of floss and chenille, like a teddy-bear; and he smiled at her scornfully and dangled it by its black-and-white tail.

"Phooh!" he panted, "I suppose even your bricks and vegetables and eggs were cotillion favors full of confetti."

"They were," she admitted defiantly, "which did not prevent their serving their purposes."

"As what?"

"As symbols!"

"Symbols?" he retorted, in derision. "Yes, symbols! The three most ancient symbols of an insulted people's fury—the egg, the turnip and the cat."

"Mala gallina, malum ovum," he laughed, adjusting his sword and picking several streamers of confetti from his tunic. "Did they hurl spot-eggs in ancient Rome, fair maid?"

"They did—and cats—ex necessitate rei," she observed with composure.

"Ex nihilo felis fit! A cat-fit for nothing," he retorted flippantly.

Half defiantly she straightened out the

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